New York
Wednesday Night, Sept. 25, 1935.

How to begin writing in a diary? Having never kept one before, I have no experience or precedent to guide me. But here goes:

It seems I am about to start on my big expedition. If the Bonifacio ever makes up her mind to sail, maybe we'll go. I heard this evening that we don't sail till Monday. It is tiresome, staying here at the hotel, and marking time. Some people would consider life in a hotel in New York ideal - I wonder how long it ~~will~~ would take me to learn to like it. How long will it take me to learn to like my life in Brazil? Will there be anything about the country or the people, that will make me love them heartily, as I came to love Central Alabama? Will I ever become fluent in "Portuguese", or will it always come laboring to my lips? And can I ever love a people whose language keeps me in constant strain? Well, we'll see.

Just now, my main wish is to get started, tho, Heaven knows, I had enough activity today to satisfy anybody. Oh, this hotel life with a baby! It is trying now to get her to sleep. I wish we could find a decent place for her to eat. I believe she's asleep now.

I must confess a disappointment with New York after five years. It's too big for me — no lack of size, it's stupendous — but the glamor seems gone. Maybe Katabari Cramps any style now. — Met V. at last. Seems pretty nice, but something in her face I can't quite fathom.

Sept 30, 10 P.M.

Well, we sailed at last. Things we wait for so long are so soon over. Now we have been six hours at sea. Everything goes beautifully so far, except it's cold. My stateroom berth looks quite inviting. I'm turning in soon. The ship pounds on smoothly, with a gentle roll. I can feel it, but it doesn't bother me at all, so far. I wonder how much worse it will be tomorrow. By the time we get to Norfolk I should have some idea how it will go.

Oct 2
10 P.M. Away from Norfolk at last, and all the noise + dirt of coaling. After we had got ready to retire, we found that the company would have paid our way at a hotel for the night. However it wasn't so bad, and I'm glad we stayed. The last speck of land disappeared just before dark and now there is nothing but water, and pretty rough water, it seems to me. We're rolling a good bit, but I feel all right so far. Here's 'hoping'!

Away from home at last! The U.S.A. ought to look good when I see it next. I hope everything holds up. — more talks of war. What's coming. It is a most tempestuous time, politically speaking, to start a new adventure. However, political things can affect my work but should not stop it. — George's letter is encouraging. If he can only keep it up! and somehow I can't help believing he can and will.

Oct 4
10 A.M. Sunday at sea. Nobody has mentioned having service, so I suppose there won't be any. The battle of the children goes merily

on. Its the only excitement on board. Little Georgie asserts his rights to all the space and all the playthings - his exclusive rights. His mother says nothing - merely sits and reads, and smokes countless cigarettes. The doctor, the three mates, the fifth engineer and the dining room stewards are my favorite people on this ship.

The weather continues good, except for squalls of rain. A big swell, but nobody seems seasick to amount to anything. I haven't been at all, tho the first night out of Newport News I felt a wee bit shaky. We should cross the tropic of Capricorn tonight. I'm already farther south than I have ever been before. And still we plow on, at about 10½ knots.

Oct 16 5 P.M. Made Para on time, Monday noon. Left at 2 P.M. today. Got a big kick out of trying to shop a little without any knowledge of the language.

Oct. 17 9:30 P.M. Interrupted at that point. There are countless interruptions - in fact I hardly ever finish anything. If I sit down to read,

somebody comes along and engages me in conversation, and so I enjoy everything. I'm enjoying the voyage, tho, and the days pass amazingly fast. Now we are at sea again. I like it much better. Also, since Jackie left us Georgie & Charlotte play together almost peacefully. There is prospect of good fishing at Ceara, so all seems very well. A little over a week now, and we'll land. Then to get things customs, and find out where we are. I must find time to do a little work on the language soon.

The Nichols (if that's how they spell it) seem very nice. Mr. A— seems pretty nice Mrs. Herring condescends to speak, and Virginia is fidgeting up. Sparks improves on acquaintance, and so do the second and third mate, and the fourth & fifth engineers. It's not a bad crowd, at all.

Oct. 20

Going again. It's quite a relief to get away from a port. I enjoy the life at sea more & more. It might be wearisome & work at sea all the time, but three weeks of it

have been fine. Those excursions aren't bad, tho. We went with "Peter" to see Para, and had a very pleasant afternoon. I like the man, and hope I can keep in touch with him. Today we went ashore in the sail boat, but didn't have time to see anything of the City. The sail was pleasant tho, and I shan't forget it soon.

Another week or less will finish our voyage. The Mate & the second Engineer left us today. I hope I get to meet the successors. The Nichols' improve on acquaintance. I can't stand Enoba, and I'm glad to see a couple who have had popularity & some money, and haven't been ruined by it.

So far, the Tropics don't seem so bad, but of course I've been at sea most of the time. Emphatically, the stories of dark coming instantly after sundown are true. I don't believe it will be such a strain to live here, when I begin to get acquainted with things. And it ought to be very interesting

Oct 23 7 A.M. My birthday passed uneventfully. We landed at Natal, and, Charlotte being asleep at the right time for once, K. & I got to walk

around town a bit & see things. Not much of a place, but it looks much cleaner & more attractive than Pará. Palm trees have something attractive about them. Perhaps I can come to love them as much as I do pines - but I doubt it. I'm surprised to see all the sand dunes. It looks more like I should have expected the coast of Morocco to look than the coast of Brazil. We stay here today, and leave tomorrow, to repeat the performance at Cabedello, and then . . . .

Charlotte' develops — has developed quite a bit on the left, but has grown desperately fussy. I hope that phase doesn't last long.

Nov. 13
9:30 P.M.

So this is Brazil — a hilly, rather dreary looking, treeless land. Mountains help a little, but they're precious little like the "Hills of Home". So far, we've had no really hot weather, and the cold nights have certainly come up to expectations. In my first few lessons of Portuguese I don't seem to have learned much, I'll be glad when I get to where I can

understand the stuff. Taylor looks to me like a very sick man. I'll be surprised if he lives a year — astounded if he manages to make the grade here for six months. I've got to get this language quickly, get everything ready to conquer Tokio the 1st. We're still in the "hospital", and every day makes it harder on K, & made harder on me. If we don't find a home soon, I'm going to build a mud hut.

Dec. 16, 1937

Well, I'll try this thing again — I ought to be sufficiently rested by now after the former feeble effort.

Such a day! Working this morning, went to Memphis this afternoon. Were to start at 12:30, actually got away at 1:05. Maude Shelton went with us. It rained all the way. Took the kids to see Rochuck. Horton wasn't visibly affected, but was Charlotte delighted with the Merry go round, and with Santa Claus! Thence to Dr. Mitchell, for Horton's last toxoid, and to Dr. Something or Other, re about his age — Bring him back

Tuesday. Last of the Xmas shopping, I fondly hope. The sort of night I've always loved — rain, wet streets, lights gleaming everywhere, crowds singing, cars galore! — but a mean night for driving an old car, and getting home away past the 'baby' feeding time. I suppose the enjoyable things could always be enjoyed, if it were not for some present objectionable feature.

Right now I am suffering more from impatience, not merely to be gone, but to find out when we're going! It looks like some sort of passage could be arranged, somehow, and I wish to goodness they'd get something done.

SS Southern Cross
Jan. 29, 1938, 9 P.M.

At sea again at last! It didn't seem possible, but here we are, actually going. After all the case of not getting the passport in time, we really did get on board, with all our belongings intact, and I can't get over the relief of it.

The ship is ever so nice, but so much more public than the Boniface — quite a lot of passengers in the Tourist class. Everything

is so clean and white, as ships and hospitals always are. I think we shall be comfortable, and enjoy our trip, especially after the weather gets warm. We had a good dinner tonight, and my appetite was quite up to par - perhaps a little above. The beds look comfortable, and I am plenty sleepy. I'm turning in soon. I can't judge much yet of my fellow passengers - quite a few young men, and two or three old couples. Somebody has a dog, and there's that abomination of my soul, a portable phonograph, in the room next ours. So far, our babies seem to be the only ones on board, in the tourist, anyway.

The departure was a new experience, with the streamers, and so many people to see us off, much more like a ship's departure is supposed to be than we had before. I'm glad we are coming this way - it will be well worth the extra trouble and expense.

SS Southern Cross,
Feb. 5

So here we go. The wind blows, and the ship rocks, and every once in a while it rains, and we are crowded on the deck, some clothed, and some practically naked. Groups sit around conversing, some in Spanish, some in English, some in German. Meal time comes, and bed time; we sleep, and wake and eat and sleep again. Some day I want to make a trip with no kids small enough to require constant attention, so that I can sleep and read as much as I please. Now both the kids are raising Cain here, and I can't write more. In spite of all this, however, there is less of unpleasantness this trip than either of the former trips. I've been asked to preach tomorrow. I hope somebody will be there to hear.

SS

Maranhão, March 8

Back to work at last! It all seems very much as if we had never been away - same house, same servants, many people the same, and many of our feelings. Only, we seem to have a larger measure of contentment than before, and I hope we shall stick this time.

Saturday, Dona Cecilia and her husband, Rev. Cicero Siqueira, and Saul Falcão, came to see us, together with Dr. Thompson. They were very nice, and I was my usual dumb self at understanding their conversation. That night Rev. Cicero preached. I found it very hard to stay awake through a long sermon on the text, "Where art thou?" His enunciation was not good, or maybe it was because I was so sleepy, but even when I was awake I understood hardly a word. I walked home by myself, coming by the Cathedral, as I always do

when I am exasperated with the whole business. I felt better, though, after walking home under the stars — the southern Cross, and Orion, and a multitude of others — I don't remember ever to have seen them as bright.

We had a little shower this afternoon. The weather the past few days has been the hottest I have ever seen here — the glare of the sun terrific

No word from D. Is he coming? Somehow I think not.

April 12

But he did! I ought to be glad of it, but somehow I lacks enthusiasm.

Mr. Cook, from down south, an Englishman, is staying with us, and holding a meeting at the church (and incidentally working up "O Pacitano") He is very nice, and his preaching quite good ....

My main care these days is to try to reach these kids some English — after

that, my orchestra is a big factor. I think I can put it over, but it is a pain to have to teach all those kids to play the fiddle and the saxophone. If we can just get a piano, I believe I can do much toward improving the worship at the Cutlo.

It looks like it may rain this afternoon. I hope it does, so that I won't have to play tennis.

April 13, 10:30 P.M.

It did, and how! The whole house leaked, and Mr. Cook had left his window open, so that his bed was soaked.

Today, one of the servants, in taking a drink of water, noticed a bad smell, and José climbed up and found a dead rat (long dead) in the tank. Of all the gagging and trying to vomit! I told them it was no use, since they couldn't vomit up the "rat soup" they had drunk yesterday and the day before. They all drank some alcohol in water — it made a handy excuse for that

— and we drained and washed the tank. In the midst of it all, here came Nazareth, the little girl from Mrs. Thompson's with a fish of about a pound and a half weight, which Franklin had caught somewhere in this dry land. I told José I had found it in the tank, too. It was the kind known as Traira, and had most fiercelooking teeth. While I was examining these, the fish suddenly came to life and snapped my finger. It was only a slight wound, but it bled considerably. I don't know when I have laughed quite so much as I did over the whole business.

Nov. 21 6:30 a.m. Final exams begin today — some pupils haven't paid their bills, and I look for a row when they are refused the examinations. Anyway there'll just have to be a row, for I'm going (for once) to be adamant.

Cloudy this morning, and yesterday a real rainy day. It seems winter will last all summer.

1939

Washington's Birthday

And a kid named Washington enplaned to come in on the train today (or maybe tomorrow) to take the Examen de admissao. The next three weeks are going to be the real critical time. Will all the new ones we are expecting really come? Anyway it looks as if we shall have a full house. We have robbed the Dinamis of their Portuguese professor all together, I believe that padres are going to wish they hadn't started anything with us. We're having the bathroom overhauled, pipes renewed, etc. I must not forget I have advanced the man 150$000.

June 1

And so time passes. Here we are nearly to the holidays. Our 80 internos have dwindled to 66, 68 which was last year's maximum. Money holding out pretty well so far.

I began planting the corn and feijão on May 15. When the rains started they started with a bang. Yesterday was about the rainiest day I've seen here. That is, it seemed so; but lots of others have claimed that distinction.

Day before yesterday I had Daniel slay the poor crippled donkey that has worried me so long. I bought him for 10$000. All the school kids raised a row over it — seemed to consider it a crime.

Miss Cockrell is spending the week with us, before going to Recife to spend the year in Agnes Erskine.

June 28 1939

Horton's birthday. Thus three years have got away since that fateful Sunday. I spent the day writing letters, and helping Kit, who was suffering again with the pain in her chest. The Neville kids came in the afternoon to help cut the birthday cake. I made a picture, which will probably prove

to be no good, like most of mine. We went to Recife last week, had our teeth fixed, our finger prints taken, and made an inglorious failure trying to get my driver's license. I've never been more disgusted with myself — the idea of my letting such a little examination get me down, so that I couldn't do things decently! Bought Langdon's old car, and came home in it, with a hole in the glass, and spent four hours on the road, near Moreno, learning why gasoline pumps don't always pump.

February 5, 1941

Not a single entry in 1940! I didn't think more than three or four months had passed since the last entry.

Getting ready for school to start again — in fact the primary school has already started, the enrollment to date being 109 — we're sure to surpass by far last years enrollment of 124. Things look encouraging for the

biggest and best class yet matriculated in the financial course. I'm predicting 43 in the first year, 36 in the second, 30 in the third, 17 in the fourth, and fifteen in the fifth. Let's see how close I'll be guessed it.

Still the eternal struggle to make ends meet. Wouldn't it be fun to run a school without that nightmare?

Christmas, 1942

So Christmas has come again at last. The year has flown by as I never saw one fly before.

I wonder if there couldn't be found some way to conserve the beauty and excitement of the day without its being such a burden. Night before last, after the kids had been put to bed, and I sat down to help Kit wrap up Christmas gifts, I said, "I'm afraid I'm getting like Scrooge. When I think Christmas isn't worth the bother." Kit said she felt pretty much of the same thing, and went on to tell how she had tried to get the kids to help wrap

some few things, such as their gifts to me, and such, but when she said, "Let's put this card on it," Horton said no, that one wasn't nice enough, and wanted to sit down and look through all the cards, one by one (for half an hour or more) to find one that suited, and of course he straightway forgot what he was looking for. And Charlotte wasn't much better. It's nice, I suppose to have the packages pretty, but — or am I just losing all my interest in life?

We'll all having dinner together at school — We, the Neilleys, Woodwards, Dr. & Mrs. Thompson, Lina, Gertrude, Miss Kilgore and Miss Christian — eighteen of us in all. It's twelve o'clock as I write this, and dinner probably won't be before one-thirty — and I'm starving already.